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# Weekly



# Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. V.

CLEVELAND, TENN., MARCH 18, 1880.

NO. 10.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Regular rates of advertising, \$1 per square first insertion, and 50 cents each subsequent insertion.  
Special contracts will be made for all advertisements for four insertions or over.  
Transient advertisements always payable quarterly in advance.  
Marriage and obituary notices, over one square, charged for at half regular rates.  
All local news 10 cents a line for each insertion.  
No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

## A Choosing.

"The child is mine," said the daylight,  
"For she is most like me;  
So get thee hence, thou gray night,  
We're naught to do with thee!"  
Her eyes are blue as the sky;  
Her looks are like the sun;  
She shall but sleep 'neath thy skies,  
When my glad hours are done."

"Not so," then spake the night-time.  
"She's fair as is my moon;  
And her voice is like the love-symphony  
My own bird sings in June;  
Her eyes are like the star-guns  
Set far above the sun;  
And her breath is sweet as the blossoms  
That open when thou art gone."

"Choose thou me," said the daylight,  
"For all the time is mine;  
The birds sing in my light,  
Like gold the waters shine;  
And mine are all the best flowers  
That over the whole earth grow.  
And mine are all the kith and kin  
Wherein men come and go."

"Nay, be thou mine," said the night-time.  
"For I, too, can give thee gold;  
Palmer indeed is my bright time,  
Fainter, and somewhat cold;  
But the lover's love is my light;  
With me the poet's song best;  
While the toiling children of daylight  
Can use me but for rest."

Then she answered, "While flowers smile  
While the birds and the humming bee,  
And the eyes of my playmates fun-lit,  
Are joys enough for me—  
While burdens are light for bearing,  
While sorrow is loth to stay—  
So long, beyond all comparing,  
I will love thee best, oh, day!"

"But when I shall find a gladness  
To all but myself unknown;  
And when there shall come a sadness  
I needs must endure alone;  
When grief is too great for weeping—  
When bliss cannot but be light—  
Tis then, while the rest are sleeping,  
That I'll watch with thee, oh, night!"

—Bath Times.

## A PLEASANT LOVE.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said, one day, about eighteen months after he had gained his commission. "Guess what it is?"  
They were walking along the green lanes of Perlock, listening to the ceaseless murmur of the sea, as at intervals they had walked and listened ever since they could remember; at any rate, she was six years younger than her former playfellow.

"You are going to be promoted," she said.  
"Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the British army. Guess again."

"You are going to marry an heiress." There was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again. No estimable young person with green eyes, a turn-up nose, susceptible heart and fifty thousand a year has turned up yet. But its something nearly as good. I'm ordered to China."

"Oh, Alie!" she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then she was only sixteen, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of concealing her feelings.

"Why, whatever are you crying for?" he asked, and kissed away her tears. He'd kissed her ever since she was five, and thought no more of it than if she had been his sister, or the cat, excepting perhaps that it was nicer—which it was no doubt. "I shall only be away five years at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pigtail, and an ivory toothpick, and a whole lot of things, and—"

"Yes," she said, listening attentively. "But then you'll be a young woman—I forgot—and 'out,' and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a 'poor lieutenant,' you will have all the equestrian and fox-hunters about the place at your feet."

"Oh no, indeed, I shall not Alie," she said, eagerly.

"Oh I tell you you will. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find—"

But she burst into tears again, and put up her pretty little hand as if to stop his teasing, which she could not bear just then. It seemed so cruel of him to laugh and joke when he was going away for five years. He did not seem to care a bit, and she could have broken her heart on the spot, and would have gladly done so, and thrown the pieces away so as never to be bothered with it again. Then, seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful.

"I believe I shall come back and find you just as great a little darling as you are now, and if we've got any money we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and starve ever after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you ever write to me, Alie, dear?"

"Yes, of course I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed, and all that sort of thing, you know."

Maggie was twenty years old when her father died, and the creditors did pounce down, and she and her mother sold out. Mrs. Danlop was offered a home in London by a sister who was well off and bad-tempered, and it was handsomely accepted.

Maggie went as governess into the family of a Mrs. Marshall, of Woolwich. Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband was really mistress of the establishment, for Maria Patterson had a strong will, and she was an heiress. "A very nasty heiress, too," poor Maggie thought, and she was right, for Maria was skinty, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said nasty things to people who did not dare to say them back again.

One evening when Maggie had been about a year at Woolwich, and she was sitting alone in her school room as usual, for her pupils had just said good-night, and been delivered to the tender mercies of their nurse, Miss Patterson walked in very much dressed, and rather flushed and excited.

"Miss Danlop," she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know one or two of them like an impatient dance; will you be ready to come into the drawing room and play if we should want you?"

In the evening she put on her shabby black gown and stuck a spray of white flowers in her golden hair, and waited patiently for the summons. When it came, with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent, frightened face, and a sacred, almost hunted expression in her eyes, she descended and timidly opened the drawing-room door, and there stood still for a moment, staring in astonishment. There sat the heiress, with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsomely than ever, and, sunburnt and soldierly-looking, was Alie Granger. The color rushed to Maggie's face, as if to say a hurried good-bye, and then left it altogether. She recovered self-possession, however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity towards the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment she saw him by her side.

"Maggie—my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from? I have been trying to find you out for months."

"I thought you"—and then she did not know how to go on, so added, almost pitiously, "I am the governess here."

"Are you? Oh, I see, then, that is the reason I have not seen you before, I suppose."

"Do you really know Miss Danlop?" the heiress asked, coming up and speaking in her coolest manner.

Maggie wished sincerely she could sink into her shoes and bury herself.

"Why of course I do; we have been playfellows ever since we were born—haven't we, Maggie?"

And Maggie, feeling she was backed up, answered bravely:

"Yes."

"Oh, indeed, how interesting!" then turning to Maggie: "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Danlop? This was to be our dance, I think, to Alie, and she sailed off with him triumphantly. He came to her directly after the dance was over.

"I went down to Perlock to try and find out where you had gone to," he said, "but nobody knew."

"It didn't matter," she said, huskily, letting her fingers wander vaguely over the keys to make believe she wasn't very much interested in what he said.

"Yes it did—it mattered a great deal. Why, I've got a box full of curiosities for you—clubs to fight with, and a little heathen god or two, and a statuette of Buddha and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you like 'em?—I mean in this house?"

He said these last words under his breath, for the heiress came up, and the next minute he was carried off to dance with Mrs. Somebody at the other end of the room, but not before Maggie had nodded a reply to him. Soon after this Miss Patterson came up to the piano, and saying she wished to play herself, and that Maggie looked tired, dismissed her without being able to get even another look at Alie.

The next morning, to Maggie's very great surprise, Miss Patterson came into the school-room before the children had assembled.

"Miss Danlop," she said stiffly, "I should like to know where you say you met Mr. Granger."

"At Perlock. His uncle lived next door to my mother. He is a very old friend, indeed."

"Thank you. I merely wished to inquire, because, of course, you must be aware that it is not usual for any one in your position to make herself remarkable by having long confidence talks with any gentleman who may visit the house."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Patterson!" Maggie said indignantly. But Miss Patterson had swopt out of the room without deigning to reply.

Then Maggie went into her own little room, the one place she had in the school entirely to herself, and cried till her eyes were red and her head ached.

Suddenly, at about 12 o'clock, just when Maggie was in the middle of expounding as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock at the school room door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alie Granger, and behind him was a man—evidently his servant—with a box on his shoulders.

"All right! Now, put it down; that's right; now be off. There I've brought the curiosities round, Maggie; I thought you'd like to see them."

"Oh! What will Mrs. Marshall and Miss Patterson say?" said Maggie, in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half hour or so, for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and thought I should just get a quiet chat with you. My dears," he said, turning to Maggie's wide-eyed, open-mouthed, pupils, "I'm quite sure you'd like to be off for your lessons, so I'll let you off for an hour; run along, my little dears, and he opened the door for them, and shut it after them."

"Oh, Alie!" she said, in fear and trembling.

"What do you mean by going away from Perlock, and not leaving any address?"

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote," she answered helplessly.

"No, I never wrote letters; don't know how to spell well enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamed of finding you here. Now we'll unpack the box."

"But Alie, they'll never forgive me."

"Never mind, it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides, they'll forgive me anything. I saved the Colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong—at least so he says. There now what do you think of these for fighting with? Got 'em at Java on purpose for you," and he held up a pair of beauteous-looking clubs and brandished them over her head, and then proceeded to pull out the rest of the contents of the box and to decorate the school room with them.

"There's Mr. Buddha, and there's—why, what's the matter, Maggie?"

"Nothing, only you will get me into dreadful trouble—you will indeed! Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

"Never mind, she's only jealous," he laughed.

"Now tell me how soon you can leave here."

"What for?" she asked innocently.

"Why? You haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when I came back, have you little coquette? and he puts his arm around her waist just as of old, and was not reproved. It was so very comfortable, she thought.

"No but you are engaged, are you not?"

"Yes, of course I am—to you."

"Oh! but Alie!"

"Oh, but Maggie!" and then he stooped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened, and there stood the Colonel, and there stood Maria Patterson.

Of course there was no rejoicing on the part of Maria, but notwithstanding Alie and Maggie were married within a month.

## Colorado Mining Interests.

In and about Leadville, Colorado, mining is the only thing that is thought or talked about. Even the children resort to miniature mining operations in their play. The latest rich strike on the Lead Cliff track was made by two little boys, who put up a small windlass, hung a bucket on it, and with their small picks and shovels began operations in earnest upon the stubborn soil. They worked faithfully and progressed well, and soon were rewarded. At the depth of four feet they struck a large, blind lead, the ore from which is richer than anything yet found on the claim, although the vein upon which the owners are working is a splendid one. The new strike is a well-defined fissure, running parallel with the first and about fifty feet distant from it. The new mine has been called the Little Chief, and the owners of the Lead Cliff having leased it, they are taking ore from it yielding 800 ounces of silver to the ton.

## A Mirage Phenomenon.

The Morris, Minn., Tribune says: "A mirage, a phenomenon common in this locality during certain seasons of the year, was unusually distinct last Sunday morning, especially to the east. The timber and clearings in the Holmes City and Alexandria woods, distant some forty miles, was very plainly seen from this point, and the smoke from the houses in Alexandria could also be seen for a short time. The condition of the atmosphere was such that there was a double reflection, the first inverted and the second erect. This, we believe, is caused by the reflection and refraction on the denser medium of air. To the west the cotons or bluffs along the Dakota life were quite distinct, and looked to be only ten instead of fifty miles distant."

## Accusing His Mother—Remarkable Story.

In a New York court recently Mrs. Sophia Lyons, a stylishly-attired woman, asked to have her son, a ragged boy, sent to the House of Refuge.

While the woman was speaking the boy changed color, and tears ran down his cheeks. When the Justice asked him what he had to say, the boy inquired, "May I tell you the whole truth?" and, on being told that he would be heard, said: "That woman is the wife of Edward Lyons, the burglar. Ask the detectives who he is and who she is." The boy spoke intelligently and in a clear voice. "She herself," he continued, "is a thief who has done time."

The woman, pale with anger, sprang toward him and struck him a hard blow in the face. Two policemen interfered, and the Justice ordered the woman removed.

When the boy had been told to go on, he said that ten years ago his father and mother lived in a fine house at Madison avenue and 110th street, New York; one night there was great confusion in the house, and policemen came in and arrested his father and mother and some men. They were taken to court and the boy was sent to Randall's Island. "One day," he continued, "I was sent for and was taken to Detroit, where I met this woman, who said that my name there was Robinson. In the house were lots of jewelry and silks and laces and clocks. My father, I learned, was then in prison. Many men came to see my mother, and I often heard them talk of robberies."

He went on to tell of his bad treatment and how he finally went to New York and sold flowers and sang in saloons for a livelihood.

"I met my mother in Ninth avenue yesterday," he continued, "for the first time in many months. She told me to come home with her, and she would buy me a new suit of clothes. I went with her to a house where there was a strange man. I told last night all I had done. To-day she told me that she was going away."

Justice Murray, having patiently listened to the boy, recalled the mother. The woman's manner was changed. In whispered words she acknowledged to Justice Murray that she was known as a thief, the wife of a burglar, Ned Lyons, she admitted, once under a twenty years' sentence, managed to escape from the State prison. She was at that time a prisoner, and her husband, a few months after his own escape, returned and assisted her in escaping. Then they went to Canada, and he opened a broker's office. When re-arrested he had \$25,000 in bonds upon him.

The woman completely broke down when she confessed that her own mother was a thief, and that she herself, twenty-four years ago, when a child of six years, was arraigned in Essex Market Police Court, accused of picking pockets. She told how Justice Osborne took her on his knee and questioned her. Justice Murray told her to go home and he would see what he could do for the boy.

After court the justice sent for the boy and again questioned him. The justice then asked the boy to sing for him, and he sang in Latin the "Ave Maria." Alderman Shelle offered to find him a good home. Justice Murray, however, will confer with Father McGlynn, of St. Stephen's Catholic Church, and endeavor to get the boy a home where he will be under Father McGlynn's care.

## A Learned Cat and a Wise Hen.

Mrs. Augustus W. Brooks, of East Eliot, Me., has (or did have about a year ago) a cat thirteen years old, which she brought from Boston, and for which she has been vainly offered \$50. This learned pussy will stand up at the word of command, bow slowly or quickly as directed, walk around the room on her hind legs only, dance, turn somersaults, go through the motions of holding a jews' head, and with her fore paws and playing on it with the other, mew when ordered to speak, kiss her paw to visitors, hold a saucer of milk on her fore legs and lap the milk, and stand on her hind feet and with her fore paws catch bits of bread or meat thrown to her, like a base-ball player. Her kitten, a year old, will turn somersaults. The same lady has a hen which always wipes her feet on the mat on entering the house, and if asked, "How do you get your living, biddy?" will scratch on the floor, look to see if she has scratched out anything, and then look at the questioner to see if the answer is correct; this hen despises the wooden, chalk and porcelain cheats, which some people palm off on hens for nest eggs, tumbling them out of her nest as often as they are put in. A rooster will also scratch the floor when asked how he gets his living, but can not be made to wipe his feet.

A life insurance policy is of no use to a man who does not intend to die before the company fails. It is something like a glory which comes to a military corpse on the field of battle.

The life of a washerwoman is not one of unbroken happiness because her lines do not always fall in pleasant places.

## Yankee Inquisitiveness.

The Price Current, Portland, Me., suggests a legitimate and wise plan to increase the demand for the products and manufactures of any and every country. When a man has a really valuable article to offer to the world, he should devise the best way and means to let the buyer and consumer know the source from whence it came, and, if possible, the means and expense by which the recipient may obtain more of the same kind. The result of this justifiable inquisitiveness will be the doubling of the crop of good apples in Maine within a few years. L. J. Stout, of Limington, Me., while barreling apples to be shipped to parts entirely unknown to him, conceived the novel idea of ascertaining their destination by putting a letter, inclosing money to pay the postage on a letter, in one of the barrels, kindly asking the purchaser to write him the date of opening it, his name and residence, the price paid, the condition of the apples when opened, etc. In about three months Mr. Stout received a letter from a merchant in London, England, saying one of his customers found the letter and passed it to him, and by him it was neatly answered, giving all the desired information in regard to the apples, etc.

Last winter Mr. Stout received a letter from the same merchant in relation to filling an order for Maine apples, but the quality and scarcity of the fruit last year prevented his filling the order satisfactorily to himself. Last week Mr. Stout received another order by cable for several hundred barrels as samples, from the same person. As Mr. Stout will undoubtedly fill the order, the English gentleman will no doubt be surprised at the size and quality of the fruit—which is this year probably a third larger than two years ago.

A Detroit Inter-viewed.

A Detroit inter-viewed who was out in the country the other day to look after some poultry got stuck in a mud-hole, although having a light buggy and a strong horse. He got out took a trail off a fence and was trying to pry the vehicle out when along came a strapping young woman, about twenty-six years of age. She halted surveyed the situation and said:

"You stand by the horse while I heave on the rail, and don't be afraid of getting mud on your hands and boots."

Their united efforts released the vehicle and the Detroit inter-viewed thanked and asked her to get in and ride. She hesitated, looked up and down the road and finally said:

"Stranger! I'm blunt spoken. Who are you?"

He gave his name and residence, and she continued:

"I'm over twenty-five, worth \$500 in cash, know all about house-work and this is my leaskey."

"Yes, I know, but for heaven's sake don't ask me to marry you!" he replied as he saw the drift.

"See here," she continued, looking him square in the eye, "I'm a straight girl, wear a No. 7 shoe and I like the looks of you."

"Yes, but don't—talk that way to me!" "Stranger it's leap-year and I am going to pop! Will you have me or not."

"I'm already married!" he faltered. "Honest Injun?"

"Well, that settles me and I won't ride. I'll take a cut across the field to old Spooner's. He's got four sons and a fool nephew, and I'll begin on the old man and pop the crowd clear down to the idiot, for I've slummed around this world just as long as I am going to. Good bye, sir—no harm done."

Things Easy and Not Easy.

It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It is easy to say that the church is to blame for it. It is easy to say that the church would be all right if the minister would preach and do as he ought. But it isn't easy to look on the best side, to see that there are hundreds of faithful preachers, thousands of honest, sincere men and women, countless acts of justice, charity and humanity, which outweigh all the grumbling of all the grumblers so that it is really only the dust in the balance. Let us be fair and cheerful. The world is not all wrong. Everybody isn't a rascal. Our neighbors are not trying to cheat us. The church is doing a good work for the world, and even the grumblers are not half as disagreeable as they seem.

A large delegation of citizens of Harper's Ferry visited Washington and presented to the West Virginia senators and representatives in congress various arguments in advocacy of an appropriation for the improvement of the Shenandoah river, and especially for the construction of a wall to protect property along the banks in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry.

Two pieces of orange peel on the sidewalk represent a pair of fancy slippers. [New Orleans Picayune.] And the ornamental work that you feel on the back of your head after stepping on said orange peel represents the embroidery.

The boiler in the malt house of the Hawley Malt company, of Detroit, Mich., exploded demolishing the engine house and damaging the malt house to the extent of \$20,000.

## Ladies as Stock Speculators.

A private stock exchange exclusively for the use of ladies has been opened in New York. Circulars were sent out addressed to prominent ladies, many of them the wives of gentlemen whose professions, and set forth that the exchange was "under the immediate management of a lady of standing, who has had a long and successful experience in stock speculations," and did business in Wall street "through a widely-known house of bankers and brokers of large capital and unquestionable solidity."

"Many a woman," said a gentleman, speaking of the document, "may be led to pledge her diamonds or to compromise her settlements or her husband's financial standing, with the vague promise of a fortune thus held out to her." Mrs. Favor states that she merely issued a business circular, not differing materially from those usually issued by such establishments to parties likely to become their patrons. The Exchange, she said, was opened a few weeks ago at the urgent solicitation of ladies of large and independent means, who had speculated in Wall street for years, and had often met with losses because their facilities for information were not equal to those of men. She, Mrs. Favor, was simply the salaried manager of the concern, and had no share in its profits or responsibility for its expenditures.

Ladies of the highest standing—married and unmarried—some with fortunes in their own right, and others the wives of prominent lawyers, doctors and even bankers—dropped in during business hours, and gave orders to buy or sell according to the state of the market.

Andrew Jackson's Affection.

The deep affection felt by President Andrew Jackson for his wife is illustrated by an incident related by the late Nicholas P. Trist, who was for some time his private secretary. "One evening," writes Mr. Trist, "after I had parted with him for the night, revolving over the directions he had given about some letters I was to prepare, one point occurred on which I was not perfectly satisfied as to what those directions had been. As the letters were to be sent off early next morning, I returned to his chamber door, and tapping gently, in order not to awake him if he had got to sleep, my tap was answered by 'Come in.' He was undressed, but not yet in bed, as I had supposed he must be by that time. He was sitting at the little table, with his wife's miniature—a very large one, then for the first time seen by me—before him, propped up against some books, and between him and the picture lay an open book, which bore the marks of long use. This book, as I afterwards learned, was her prayer-book. The miniature he always wore next his heart, suspended round his neck by a strong black cord. The last thing he did every night before lying down to rest was to read in that book with that picture under his eyes."

Dr. Holmes on the Press.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes reads the newspapers religiously. He said years ago: "We must have something to eat and papers to read. Everything else we can give up. If we are rich, we can lay down in our carriages, stay away from Newport or Saratoga, and adjourn the trip to Europe sine die. If we live in a small way, there are at least new dresses and bonnets and everyday luxuries that we can dispense with. Only bread and the newspaper we must have, whatever else we do without. The time may come when even the cheap public print shall be a burden our means cannot support, and we can only listen in the square, that was once the marketplace, to the voices of those who proclaim defeat or victory (this was written during the war.) Then there will be only our daily loaf left. When we have nothing to read and nothing to eat, it will be a favorable moment to offer a compromise. At the present we have all that nature absolutely demands—we can live on bread and the newspaper."

Outdone By a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for four years, works as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much; you never can do much business, you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

There was some blushing on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

Chicago has a harrowing divorce case—'Plows vs. Plows.' Opinions are divided, share and share, alike.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A royal order has been issued fixing the legal rate of interest in Cuba at eight per cent.

The commissioners to erect a court house for Grant county, Ind., report that seven out of fifteen bidders for the contract offered bribes.

The Arkansas Manufacturing Company will erect immediately a cotton seed oil, cotton compress and cotton factory and a railroad car factory, at Little Rock.

Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, gives \$2,600 to the relief of her starving subjects, and one American citizen gives \$100,000.

Judge Key says the postoffice department has not adopted the double postal card because the device is patented, which can not be used except by purchase, which the law prohibits.

Of the 25,000 flour mills in this country, 10,400 are located in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, which are capable of turning out 42,000,000 barrels of flour per year.

A bar of gold weighing 235 ounces, valued at about \$4,600, was brought to Halifax, N. S., recently from Montague. It is the result of three weeks work of fourteen men.

The most extensive bee farm in the world is probably near Boston, Canada. It covers four acres, and last year the owner secured 75,000 pounds of honey from his 19,000,000 little workers.

British steel manufacturers are waiting anxiously for the passage of the Corbett bill, reducing the tariff on steel rails from \$28 to \$10 per ton, so as to raise their price lists proportionally. They will do that every time our tariffs are reduced.

An Act to prevent and punish the intermarriage of races, passed the South Carolina Legislature, provides that any person so offending shall be subject to a fine of not less than \$500, or imprisonment for not less than one year, or both, at the discretion of the court.

A bill was introduced in Kentucky legislature, exempting from taxation for the term of ten years so much of the capital of every manufactory, either individual firm or corporation within the State, as was on the 10th day of January, 1881, invested in material, tools and machinery.

The New York Legislature is asked for the establishment of a Bureau of Labor Statistics by the State, the abolition of the convict contract labor system, the enforcement of the eight-hour law, the suppression of the tenement-house cigar making, and the passage of an improved mechanics' lien law.

The lines of the new French Cable Company, connecting the United States with France, extend from Brest, France, to St. Pierre, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, and thence to Nanuet Light, Cape Cod. From St. Pierre there is a connection to Louisbourg, Canada, and from Cape Cod to New York city.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee has decided that all judgments or decrees not satisfied or new suits brought on the same within ten years from the rendition, are fully and effectually barred from enforcement at the option of the defendant. The decision wipes out judgments and decrees, involving millions of dollars.

The new factory which the